The Merchants Daughter of Briſtow.

The tune is, the Maidens joy.

BEhold the Touchſtone of true Love,
Maudlin the Merchants daughter of Briſtow Town,
Whoſe firm affection nothing could move,
This fayre bears the lovely brown.
A gallant youth was dwelling by;
Which many years had born this maiden great good will
She loved him ſo faithfully,
But all her friends withſtood it ſtill,
The young man now perceiving well,
He could not get nor win the favour of her friends,
The force of ſorrows to expell,
To view ſtrange Countryes he intends,
And now to take his laſt farewell,
Of his true love his fair and conſtant Maudlin,
With Muſick ſweet that did excell,
He plaid under her window then,
Farewell quoth he my own true Love,
Farewell my dear and chiefeſt Treaſure of my heart,
Through fortunes ſpight that falſe did prove,
I am inforc'd from thee to part,
Into the Land of Italy,
There will I wail and weary out my life in woe,
Seeing my true Love is kept from me.
I hold my life a mortall foe.
Fair Briſtow Town therefore adiew,
For Padua ſhall be my habitation now,
Although my Love doth reſt in thee.
To whom alone my heart I vow,
With trickling tears thus did he ſing,
With ſighs and ſobs diſcending from his heart full ſore,
He ſaid when he his hands did wring,
Farewell ſweet Love for evermore.
Fair Maudlin from a window high,
Beholding her true Love with Muſick where he ſtood.
But not a word the dirſt reply.
Fearing her Parents angry mood.
In tears ſhe ſpent that woefull night,
Wiſhing her ſelf though naked with her faithfull Friend
She blames her friends and fortunes ſpight,
That wrought her love ſuch luckleſs end.
And in her heart ſhe made a vow,
Clean to forſake her country and her kindred all,
And for to follow her true love.
To abide all chance that might befall.
The night is gone and the day is come.
And in the morning very early did ſhe riſe,
She gets her down into a lower Room,
Where ſundry Seamen ſhe eſpyes.
A gallant Maſter among them all.
The Maſter of a great and goodly ſhip was he,
Who there was waiting in the Hall,
To ſpeak with her Father if it might be,
She kindly takes him by the hand,
Good Sir ſaid ſhe and would you ſpeak with any here,
Quoth he fair Maid therefore I do ſtand,
Then gentle Sir I pray draw neer.
Into a pleaſant parlor by,
With hand in hand ſhe brings the Seaman all alone,
Sighing to him moſt pitteouſly,
She thus to him did make her moan,
She falls upon her tender knee,
Good Sir ſaid ſhe now pitty you a womans woe,
And prove a faithfull friend to me
That I to you my grief may ſhow,
With you repoſe your truſt he ſaid,
In me who am unknown and ebe a ſtranger here.
Be you aſſur'd moſt proper maid,
Moſt faithfull ſtill I will appear,
I have a brother then quoth ſhe,
Whom as my life I love and favor tenderly.
In Padua alas is he,
Full ſick God wot and like to dye,
Full fain I would my brother ſee.
But that my Father will not yeeld to let me go,
Therefore good Sir be good to me,
And unto me this favour ſhow;
Some ſhip boyes Garment bring to me,
That I diſguis'd may go unknown,
And unto Sea I'le go with thee.
If thus much favour might be ſhown,
Fair maid quoth he take here my hand,
I will fulfill each thing that you deſire,
And ſet you ſafe in that ſame Land.
And in that place that you require.
She gave him then a tender kiſs,
And ſaith to him your ſervant Maſter will I be;
And prove your faithfull friend for this,
Sweet maſter then for get not me,
This done as they had both agreed,
Soon after that before the break of day,
She brings her garments then with ſpeed,
Therein her ſelf ſhe did array,
And ere her Father did ariſe,
She meets her Maſter as he walked in the hall,
She did attend on him likewiſe,
Untill her Father did him call,
But ere the Merchant made an end,
Of all his weighty matters he had then to ſay,
His wife came weeping in with ſpeed,
Saying our Daughters gone away,
The Merchant then amaz'd in mind,
Ponder this wretch intic'd away my child quoth he.
But I well wot I ſhall him find
In padua in Italy
With that beſpake their maſter brave
Sir, ſhipfull merchant thither goes this pretty youth
And any thing that you would crave,
he will perform and write the truth,
Sweet youth quoth he if it be ſo,
Bear me a leter to the Engliſh merchant thor
and gold on thee I will beſtow,
My daughters welfare I do fear,
her mother took her by the hand,
Fair youth quoth ſhe if ere then doſt my daughter ſee,
Let me therefore ſoon underſtand,
and there is twenty crowns for thee,
Thus through the daughters ſtrange diſguiſe,
The mother knew not when ſhe ſpake unto her child,
and after her maſter ſtright ſhe hyes,
Taking her leave with countenance mild,
Thus to the Sea fair Maudlins gone,
With her gentle maſter God ſend them a merry wind,
Where we a while muſt let them alone,
Till you the ſecond part do find,

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WElcome sweet Maudlin from the Seas,
where bitter storms and tempests do arise
The pleasant banks of Italy
You may behold with mortall eyes
Thanks gentle master then saidshe,
A faithful friend in sorrow thou hast been.
If fortune once do smile on me.
My gentle heart shall soon be seen.
blest be the land that feeds my love
blest be the place whereas his person doth abide
No triall will I stick to prove
Whereby my true-love may be tri'd.
Now will I walk with joy full heart
To view the town whereas my darling doth remain
And seek him out in every part,
Until his sight I do obtain.
And I quoth he will not forsake.
Sweet Maudlin in her sorrows up and down
In wealth or woe thy part ile take,
And bring thee safe to padua town
And after many weary steps
In Padua they safe arrived at the last
For very joy her heart it leaps
She thinks not on her sorrows past
Condemn'd to die he was alas
Except he would from his Religion turn,
but rather then he would to masse
In fiery flames he vow'd to burn.
Now doth sweet Maudlin weep and wail,
Her joy is turn'd to weeping sorrow grief and care,
For nothing could her plaints prevail,
For death alone must be his share.
She walks under the prison walls
Where her true love did lie and languish in distresse
When woefully for food he calls
When hunger did his heart oppresse.
he sighs & no sobs and makes great mone,
Farewell sweet love for ever more.
And all my friends that have me known,
In bristow town with wealth and store,
but most of all farewell quoth he
My own sweet Maudlin whom I left behind.
For never more thou shalt me see.
Me to thy father most unkind,
how well were I if thou wert here
With thy fair hands to close these my wretched eies
My torments easie would appear
My soul with joy should scale the skies.
When Maudlin heard her Lovers moan
her eies with tears her heart with sorrow filled was
To speak with him no means was known
Such grievous doom on him did passe.
Then she put off her lads attire
her maidens weed upon her back she seemly set
To the judges house she did inquire.
And there she did a service get
She did her duty there so well
But else so prudently she did herself behave
That with her in love her master fell,
his servants favour he doth crave,
Maudlin quoth he my hearts delight,
To whom my heart in affection is tied,
dread not my death through thy despight,
A faithfull friend thou shalt me find
O grant me thy love fair maid quoth he
And at my hands desire what thou canst devise
And I will grant it unto thee
Where by thy credit may arise.

I have a brother sir said she
For his Religion is now condemn'd to dye.
In loathsome prison he is cast
Oppress with grief and misery
Grant me my brothers life she said
And now to you my love and liking will I give
that may not be quoth he fair maid
Except he turn he cannot live
an English Fryer there is she said
Of learning great and lasting pure of life
Let him to my brother be sent
and he will finish soon the strife.
Her master granted her request
The Mariner in Friars weed she did array
And to her love that lay distrest
She did a letter soon convey.
When he had read these gentle lines
his heart was ravished with present joy
Where now she is full well be knew
The Fryer likewise was not coy
but did declare to him at large
The enterprize his love for him had taken in hand
The youngman did the Fryar charge
His love should straight depart the land
here is no place for her he said,
But woefull death and danger of her life,
Profess.ng truth I was betrait.
And fearfull flames must end the strife.
For ere I will my faith deny
and swear my self to follow damned anti-christ
Ile yeeld my body for to die.
To live in heaven with the highest
O sir the gentle Frier said
A woefull match quoth he is damnde
Where Christ is left to win a wife.
When she had us'd all means she might
To save his life and yet all would not be,
then of the judge she claim'd her right
to die the death as well as he.
When no perswasion could prevail
Nor change her mind in any thing that she had said
She was with him condemn'd to dye
and for them both one fire was made.
Yea arm in arm most joyfully
these lovers twain unto the fire did go
The Mariner most faithfully
Was likewise partner of this woe.
but when the judges understood
The faithfull friendship did in them remain
they sav'd their lives and afterwards
to England sent them back again
Now was their sorrow turn'd to joy
and faithfull lovers have their hearts desire
their paine so well they did imploy
God granted that they did desire.
and when they did to Englandcome
and in merry bristow arrived at the last
Great joy there was to all and some
That heard the dangers they had past
Her father he was dead God wot
and she her mother was joyfull at her sight
Their wishes she denied not.
but wedded them to hearts delight.
Her gentle master she desired.
to be her father and at church to give her then
It was fulfil'd as she requir'd
Unto the joyes of all good men.

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